



The Final Tree



👁 26 ✓ 2 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

The final tree stands at the top of a hill, isolated from humanity.

We call it Alexandria, after the girl who stood up for it. We didn't know it, but she saved us.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Today is the Festival of the Tree. I wave a soft, felt flag that bears the image of Alexandria, or so I am told. I have never actually seen her.

We have worshiped the tree as a God for as long as I can remember. And it is the prayers of the festival every year that keeps her strong and fruitful, her red leaves pumping strength into the earth. A cart rumbles by, selling smoking hot pretzels in the shape of leaves. My sister tugs at my sleeve, wanting to buy everything in sight. It is her first festival. I cannot blame her - being sick for five years meant that she had to stay bedridden through the festivities. Everything that is already commonplace to most children excites her.

"So," she asks, "when do we get to see Alexandria?"

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